All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy daves.
Thinke on Lord Hastings, dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Gho. to K.R. Dreame on thy cousins smoothred in the (Tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace, and wake in ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was *I* that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Ri.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K.Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.

Line antepenult. startethup out—.
Line 1 in Richards— 2. Well conquer—
11. be lead—

O coward conscience, how doest thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stands on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that *I* murthred
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis *I*: the early village cocke
Hath twise done saluation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O Ratcliffe, I haue dreamd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night

Haue

Line 3 — stand.
Line 18. Perjurie, perjurie in —. 23 pity me. 27 Came to my tent.
21. Throng to the —.
Line 2. is now dead — 5 I and I.